FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Helen's Daughter. By IZOLA FORRESTER. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

HE judge sat with one leg stretched out before him on a green plush settee. It was wrapped and swaddled like a pampered baby, but the expression on the owner's face showed no affection for it. He glared at it resentfully, while Letitia sat on the edge of a chair and waited anxiously, wondering if the big oil painting over the mantel was a portrait of her mother . Neither of them noticed the buzing of the street doorbell.

"It's preposterous sending you on to me without first obtaining my consent," fumed the judge. "How many are there besides you?"

"Only Bob, and he's older. He's working. If there had been only little seemed to say that the judge should have understood this in the first place, and he caught its hint.

"You can't possibly stay here. No place to put you. Nobody lives here with me but Flint and Aoki-Flint looks after me and Aoki after the in grocer es, Tommy?" house. We don't want any female on the precincts."

titia was frankly tired after her long journey, and only looked at the situation from a personal angle. Her eyes glanced around the large, high-ceiled old study in the back of the house. Here the judge lived most of his life, she knew. It was untidy and dusty, papers and books piled indiscriminateeverywhere, books in their tall black walnut cases jammed in without megard to order. .

"I could help you a lot, grandfath-I always worked with father in his study, and I know how to dust and file and arrange papers, and I can do typewriting, too.

"Think it needs it here, don't you?"
demanded the judge. "I like things this way. Never let anyone touch any

of my papers in my life." The street door opened and closed and somebody came along the polished hallway with a quick soft step. Letitia did not know she was taking her first look at her champion when John Farley stepped in and smiled at her, a slender, almost childish figure in black the best effect on the jury. at the mercy of the judge's wit and

"Helen's daughter," was the way in like to which the judge introduced her, curt- night." ly adding, "she just suggested living with me in order to put my place in order. Do you agree with her, John?"
"I certainly do," said Farley heartily, as he seated himself at the broad, flat-topped desk and opened his caso of legal papers. "I wish I had some-body this minute to take dictation and help me, sir."

"Hun; h!" growled the judge; "take off your hat and coat, Letitia. If this doesn't cora out right, I'll hold you respon b r. John."
Far.e. aghed roundly and met Letitia's their appealing eyes, the loveli-

est eyes he had ever seen.
"I stand responsible," he agreed.

From that day on Letitia's work was cut out for her, as they said back home. She was given a little room upstairs, and every day found her labor ing under the judge's watchful eye, straightening out the library and the malee in the old study. And every day at 4:30 came Farley, with his case the day with the judge and look at

She had become plumper and rosier since that first day. Aoki, the Japanese house boy and cook, adored her very shadow, and delighted in making dainties to tempt her appetite. Another duty which she had taken upon herself was airing Becket, the big English bulldog, and Rienzi, the Lalian greyhound. This gave her an excuse to get out on the drive for long walks, and Farley found that, by finishing his work about 5:30, he could join her for a short tramp.

And during these times their friendship ripened, until one day Letitia ven-tured to tell him her new trouble. She even showed him the ring on her left finger, a very plain little ring, with a forget-me-not in turquoise surrounded by pearls.

It was a very old affair, she assured him, quite two years. Bert was twenty-two now, and when he left for college she had promised to marry him. It was only to encourage him, she added, plaintively. She had never thought he would care for her so long, especially when he didn't even see her. Of course she was eighteen now and old enough to know her own mind

"And you don't want to marry Bert, is that it?" asked Farley briefly, trying to hide from himself how her words hurt him. "Is he coming on

"I don't know. He says he won't let me stay here half killing myself working for somebody who doesn't care for me. Don't you think grandfather cares for me one single bit, Mr. Farley?

"I don't see how-" Farley checked himself, and stared over at the Jersey shore with its twinkling rows of light "You're the only relative the judge has. Of course, you know all he has will be yours in the event of his death about \$200,000, besides the residence itself . He has changed his will in your favor recently, so I am sure he has a deep affection for you."

"Oh, dear, why did he do that?" sighed Letitia, hopelessly. "Now he'll expect me to stay here with him forever, won't he? I didn't want any of his old money. Mother always told me that if she were to die, I must be sure and come to him and try to make him happier."

"And you're not happy?" asked Far

Acppier than I was at first, but it's dozs and you, Mr. Farley, I don't know what I'd do." pretty lonesome. If it wasn't for the

Farley laughed and stroked Rienzis ilken, soft nose.
"I am flattered," he said teasingly

Some day, Rienzi, I hope to get ahead



Tommy Philosophizes on Chivalry for Working Girls

ride was delayed at the last moment ma'am but in the grovery business because Tommy had to go out and buy they expect too much chivalry." me a thick dark veil. Jane Lorimer had to be concealed otherwise scores of persons would recognize her.

The ride did me good and so did Tommy's remarks. He kept a long way from personal topics, only saying concerning the Lorimers that the famly would have something to tell me in the evening

We spoke of unimportant matters, ones I'd have stayed and looked after much as distant relatives do when rid-them with mother gone." Her tone ing to a funeral. Just to keep Tommy

talking I said: "You promised to make me a carnier Tommy. Going to keep your word?"
"Sure, ma'am. But if you'd said

clerk I dunno." "What's your objection to girl clerks

"Well, ma'am some of 'em won't tie up dried fish. It smells their hands, He eyed her quizzically to see if she they say. So they get one of the boys got any of his sardonic humor, but Le- to wrap it and they just stand around nounced in a triumphant whisper. and wait and so it's the same as me paying two clerks to tie up one little mackerel.'

"Make a rule, Tommy," I said almost too carelessly.

"Hell! I beg your pardon ma'am." 'd never be done making rules. There is always a girl hollerin' to one of the boys for suthin' which a man clerk could tend to himself. They're always little sister! Don't you dare go out-yellin: 'Listen Bill! Go down in the doors unless I'm along to take care of basement and bring up a box of starch. | you!'

of you, old boy, and even of Becket and | creamed carrots, fruit salad, cookies. Bert. Some day when the judge is specially irritable, and she feels like flying away, I think we will take her for a long walk and tell her a number of things.

Letitia's head was higher than usua, her eyes very bright as she hesitated on the first step. She wished he would say more instead of just standing and looking at her that way, but John was a lawyer and knew when to stop his summing-up speech to get

"I think," said Letitia finally in a little flurry of uncertainty, "that they'd walk a little farther on to-

WHAT TO EAT NEXT WEEK

By BIDDY BYE.

This week ushers in a number of new spring vegetables—and the Easter holidays. After the Easter church ser-vices every right minded family expects to come home to a particularly good dinner. The menu for an Easter dinner is

included in the week's menus.

SUNDAY-EASTER DAY.

Breakfast: Fresh rhubarb sauce, hot muffins, Easter egg croquettes, coffee. Easter Dinner—Chicken broth with noodles, salted wafers, roast leg of lamb, mint sauce, creamed new potaof papers, to go over the business of toes, steamed spinach, cress and rad ish salad, French dressing, ice cream with strawberries, sponge cake. Supper—Fruit salad, toasted cheese

sandwiches, tea, cookies.

MONDAY

Breakfast-Sliced oranges, oatmeal with milk and sugar toast, coffee. Lunch-Eggs baked in whole canned omatoes, toast sticks, canned fruit. Dinner-Cream of corn soup, salad of cold minced lamb, peas and cucumbers, mayonnaise dressing, hot corn bread, marmalade, coffee.

TUESDAY. Breakfast: Stewed prunes, creamed odfish on toast, coffee. Lunch-Vegetable chowder, fresh

rown bread, canned peaches. Dinner-Broiled fresh mackerel, or other fish, parsley butter mashed potatoes, new asparagus, lettuce salad, chocolate tapioca.

WEDNESDAY. Breakfast-Stewed apricots, cream of wheat with milk, toast, cocoa.

Lunch- Bean soup, lettuce sandwiches, rhubarb sauce, cookies.

Dinner—Spinach and cheese souffle, cream sauce, graham muffins, apple pie with cream, coffee.

THURSDAY. Breakfast—Sliced bananas and or-anges French toast, honey, cocoa. Lunch—Spoon corn bread, creamed caul'flower, baked apples.

Dinner-Boiled beef liver with onions and tomatoes, baked potatoes,

"You're getting too thin, ma'm-and | Now I don't expect no girl to lug a box white. I guess I'll just come around of starch upstairs but you ought to and take you out in the bus a little watch em stick around doing nothing while," came Tommy's voice over the while some man waits on 'em. And phone next day. It was a very decided their wages going right along with the voice so I agreed at once and present- cleck! Yes, ma'am!! You can't make y I was whirling away with Tommy a rule them girls can't break, ma'am! through the cold April sunshine. Our I think women is all right in some jobs

> And because this comment on women in one kind of work was made by the most chivalrous man I had ever known, it amused me-in spite of my absorbing woes. Chivalry has cursed

> as well as blessed women, I thought. The ride improved my spirits and luckily it was nearly done before an incident occurred which almost counteracted its benefits.

> In a crowded down town street near one of the big hotels, I saw a banana peddler whom I knew very well. I grabbed Tommy's arm so suddenly that the car nearly skidded.

> "Watch that man with the basket, Tommy. Drive slow-study him." Tommy obeyed and after we had passed, he turned to me with:

"What's the matter with him, Ros-"That is Hamilton Certeis!" I an-

"The hell it-I beg pardon. That gink-the elegant doc?" queried Tommy with a whistle. Then his tone of astonishment changed to a sharp note of warning

"You've got his number right, Mrs. Lorimer. But for God's sake stick to your thick veils when you go out! And say, I'm asking you, I'm begging you,

FRIDAY.

Breakfast-Canned pears and stewed raisins, boiled rice, toast, coffee.

Lunch—Peanut butter omelette head ettuce salad, French dressing.

Dinner-Baked whitefish, egg saucc. mashed potato, buttered peas and carrots fresh gingerbread, maple sauce. SATURDAY. Breakfast-Grapefruit, rice, waffles,

sirup, cocoa Lunch-Escalloped cauliflower and cheese, cabbage and green pepper saled, mayonnaise dressing, dates.

Dinner-Mutton stew with vegetables, brown bread, salad of young on_ ions and tadishes, sponge cake with orange sauce, coffee.



My sister Nell quite frequently And then these two begin to brew Some Golden Sun-immeriately.



kindreliaMa roast ers put out and reliable process sell. Mail ofter houses and peddlers sell cheap coffee and depend on premiums or price to secure your trade.

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\$15.00 to \$79.50

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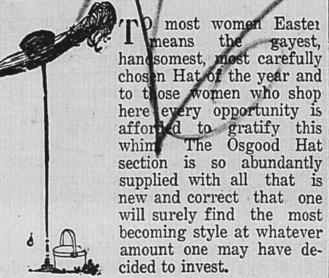
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